J. H. Leonard

THE VERMONT TRANSCRIPT.

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VERMONT TRANSCRIPT.

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By HENRY A. CUTLER.

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Selected Poetry.

LAMENT OF THE WIDOWED INEBRIATE.

I'm thinking on thy smile, Mary—
Thy bright and trusting smile—
In the morning of our youth and love,
Ere sorrow came—our guile;
When thine arms were twined about my neck,
And mine eyes looked into thine,
And the heart that throbbed for me alone,
Was nestling close to mine!

I see full many a smile, Mary,
On young lips beaming bright;
And many an eye of light and love
Is flashing in my sight;
But the smile is not for my poor heart,
And the eye is strange to me,
And a loneliness comes o'er my soul
When its memory turns to thee!

I'm thinking on the night, Mary,
The night of grief and shame,
When with drunken ravings on my lips,
To thee I homeward came;
O, the tear was in thine earnest eye,
And thy bosom wildly heaved,
Yet a smile of love was on thy cheek,
Though the heart was sorely grieved.

But the smile soon left thy lips, Mary,
And thine eye grew dim and sad;
For the tempter lured my steps from thee,
And the tempter drove me mad;
From thy cheek the roses quickly fled,
And thy ringing laugh was gone,
Yet thy heart still fondly clung to me,
And still kept trusting on.

O, my words were harsh to thee, Mary,
For the wine cup made me wild,
And I chided thee when thine eyes were sad,
And I cursed thee when they smiled.
God knows I loved thee then,
But the fire was in my brain,
And the curse of drink was in my heart,
To make my love a bane.

'Twas a pleasant home of ours, Mary,
In the spring time of our life,
When I looked upon thy sunny face,
And proudly called thee, wife—
And 'twas pleasant when our children played
Before our cottage door;
But the children sleep with thee, Mary,
I never shall see them more.

They're resting in the church yard, now,
And no stone is at the head;
But the sexton knows a drunkard's wife
Sleeps in that lowly bed;
And he says the hand of God, Mary,
Will fall with crushing weight
On the wretch who brought thy gentle life
To its untimely fate.

But he knows not of the broken heart
I bear within my breast,
Nor the heavy load of vain remorse,
That will not let me rest;
He knows not of the sleepless nights,
When, dreaming of thy love,
I seem to see thine angel eyes
Look coldly from above.

I have raised the wine cup in my hand,
And the wildest strains I've sung,
Till with the laugh of drunken mirth
The echoing air has rung;
But a pale and sorrowing face looked out
From the glittering cup on me,
And a trembling whisper I have heard
That I fancied breathed by thee.

Thou art slumbering in the peaceful grave,
And thy sleep is dreamless now,
But the seal of an undying grief
Is on thy mourner's brow,
And my heart is chill as thine, Mary,
For the joys of life have fled,
And I long to lay my aching breast
With the cold and silent dead.

WHERE SHALL I GO?

Oh! there are times when I'm weary of life,
Weary of all of its darkness and strife,
Weary of toil, and weary of care,
And weary of trials too heavy to bear;
They sear my brain, and wither my heart,
They scorch my soul with a living smart.
Oh! where shall I go for rest?

Shall I go to thy garden Gethsemane?
To Calvary where He hung on the tree?
To the wilderness where in days that are gone,
He trod the wine-press of trial alone?
Oh! teach me to say from the depths of my soul,
When darkness and sorrow shall over me roll,
Oh! there will I go for rest!

Selected Miscellany.

THE KING AND THE BANKER.

"Some time ago," said Mr. Peabody, the banker, to the writer of the following anecdote, "business of importance required my speedy presence at the Prussian capitol. Our household had not long before been established, and as the Prussian Government wanted money, I thought it expedient to see the minister myself without delay. The journey was somewhat dangerous, as the state of Germany had become rather precarious. The French had again been so polite as to pay us, unasked, a visit, and were not likely to look with a very kind eye on a banker who was hastening to the seat of government to lend money. However, I was young, undaunted, of a happy flow of spirits, and cared neither for Napoleon nor any of his adherents, and so I bid Anthony who is my witness"—the well embroidered footman nodded complacently from behind the chair of his master—"to make himself ready, to place some wine and a half dozen pheasants in our chest, and to take his seat in the post-chaise. The pheasants were intended as a present for the Prussian finance minister. I felt highly delighted when I arrived at the frontiers of Saxony, but my joy was soon to give way to other sensations. I was always fond of a good dinner and a good glass of wine; things which are rarely to be met with in Saxony. It is a wretched country, and their wine is stuff compared to which our vinegar is nectar. I had travelled three days, and changed horses fifteen times. My bottling establishment was nearly out when I found myself on the borders of Prussia, a vast desert of sand, where nothing grows but the hungry pine and curly-headed children; yet still they might put better dinners before respectable travellers. It is really a shame, nothing but dry veal, potatoes and beer! You may judge, sir, of my situation by the fact that I was obliged to attack the chest which contained the intended present for the Prussian minister, and to purloin one of the pheasants. I ordered Anthony to cook it; it was excellent, and so was my last bottle of Rhenish. My appetite being satisfied, I mounted my post-chaise again, and proceeded on my journey. Our wheels ploughed through the waves of sand as deeply as a three-decker through the billows of the sea."

[Our banker had made the tour across the channel in the Calais packet, and he loved to speak of the sea.]

"My patience at length became exhausted, and being weary of looking at the sandy surface, I fell asleep. Shortly afterward a terrible shock awakened me. I endeavored to look round, but could not. I struggled to open my mouth; it filled with sand. My feet were fast in the carriage. I was near being killed. In short, the axletree of the chaise and one of the wheels were broken. Anthony had fared somewhat better than his master, and he relieved me from my disagreeable situation. Now, sir, you may believe me, this was no joke. There I was, fifteen miles from Berlin, and two from the next village, with a portfolio containing several hundred thousand dollars in papers, and no conveyance. Presently I discovered a carriage travelling the same road. It approached. Two gentlemen occupied the seats. A footman was behind. My resolution was soon taken. I ordered Anthony to get my post-chaise repaired, and to follow me to the Brandenburg hotel as soon as possible. Thus resolved, I stepped toward the carriage, which had now come up to us.

"Gentlemen," said I, lifting my hat civilly, "will you be so good as to afford a traveller, whose chaise you see is broken, a seat in your carriage?"

"Certainly," said the youngest, "please to step in."

I did so. The first minutes were passed in surveying the strangers, with whom my happy, or unhappy steps, I knew not which, had brought me in contact. I was in a military country, and I was soon convinced that my new companions were military men.

The complaisance of these strangers soon restored me to my former good humor; and thinking it my duty to meet their politeness by similar advances, I began to enter into something like conversation with them; they, however, were not the most talkative persons in the world. I spoke of the war which was raging between France and Austria, but I received only a nod. I went over the prospects of Prussia—no answer at all; the old gentleman was as dry as a chip, the young one as shy as a lark. I hate sullenness, especially in young men, and thinking that my subjects were perhaps disagreeable, I changed them to the state of the country. I was not very lavish of my praise, and censured the government for not repairing the roads. Both gentlemen were extremely attentive, but still more reserved. I had now tried every means to bring them into conversation. At last I spoke of my fare, and of the miserable dinners provided for travellers. They smiled.

"What do you think, sir," said I, addressing the young man, "I have dined upon?" A pheasant I knew he never would guess.

"I do not know, sir."

"Well, guess then," said I.

The young man looked significantly, and entering into my humor, returned.

"I do not know, indeed; perhaps a shoulder of mutton?"

My hand fell unvoluntarily on his knee.

"Higher," said I.

"Well, then you have dined upon a goose?"

"Higher," replied I, placing my hand a second time on his knee.

"Then it was a chicken," said he.

"Higher," replied I, accompanying my word with a third slap.

"You have not, surely, dined on a turkey in so poor a country?"

"Higher, sir," returned I, striking him for the fourth time on his knee.

"Well, then, it must have been a pheasant."

"You have hit it, sir, a pheasant brought from Frankfort; and if you will do me the honor of being my guest at the Brandenburg hotel, you shall dine off pheasants, too."

Neither promised to come, but both smiled.

After this dialogue we rode several miles without speaking a single word, when the young man, in quite a friendly tone, said:

"Now, sir, to ask a question, whom do you think you ride with?"

This question was put in the usual brisk tone of a Prussian officer. I looked at the stranger a moment; he was about my age, but much taller. His dress was a plain surtout, and his head was covered with a woolen cap, strongly set in leather, with a narrow gold brim. He had a good deal of military cast.

"Well," said I, "I think I have the pleasure of being in company with a military gentleman—a Captain?" added I, askingly.

"Higher," said the young man, striking me in his turn on the knee.

The old gentleman now began to laugh.

"A Major, then," said I.

"Higher," repeated he, slapping me a second time.

He understands a joke, thought I.

"So young, and already a Colonel?"

"Higher," said he, again, with a fourth slap.

"He is getting impudent, thought I. I looked confounded at his assurance.

"Then I have the honor to be in company with a General," said I, with a sarcastic incredulity.

"Higher," he still replied, with another slap.

This, I thought, is the most impudent fellow I ever met with, and giving vent to my impatience, said:

"Then you are a Field Marshal?"

We were by this time before the Bradenburg gate. I was fully persuaded that I was treated as a dupe by my companions. The young man's "higher" had so confounded me that I was thunder-struck when the hats flew off in every direction. "*Gewehr aus!*" shouted the multitude, and officers and soldiers rushed from the guard-house to their muskets; the drums were beating, the arms presenting; a number of carriages passed through the gate, and in the confusion of the crowd, thronging from every side, I looked for the royal personage to whom all these honors were paid. Our carriage whirled fast toward the Bradenburg hotel.

"Where do you wish to alight?" said the young gentleman.

"At the Bradenburg hotel, if you please," was my answer.

"There it is," said he.

I leaped from the carriage, took my portfolio, and bowing, requested the pleasure of their seeing me at dinner.

"You shall see us," said the younger, and off they went.

The landlord and waiters of the hotel rushed toward me as I entered the gate, bowing to the ground. The former addressed me by the title of Highness.

"My name," said I, "is Peabody, banker. Do you know the gentleman with whom I arrived?"

"Gentlemen!" repeated the landlord, significantly, "it was the King!"

"A good joke," said I: "the young fellow was near telling me so himself."

"Beg your pardon, banker," said the landlord, "but please to use other terms when you speak of his majesty."

"You are not in earnest?" said I.

"But I am, though; it is the King."

The waiters, and fifty other persons who had assembled round me, pledged themselves for the truth of what the landlord had spoken.

There was no doubt it was the King with whom I had made so free!

I am, sir, a Republican, and not afraid of any King in Christendom; yet the affair might have become a serious one. I had dropped expressions which were not suited to royal ears, and which I might have more wisely kept to myself. How would he take those things?—what might he think of me?—were thoughts which kept me awake for the greater part of the night.

The next morning I began the round of my visits. I found the finance minister exceedingly tough. When I returned home the landlord informed me that a royal page had been at the hotel summoning the banker Peabody to the castle.

"Well, thought I, nothing can be worse than hanging, and throwing myself into a hackney-coach, I rolled toward the residence of the King. The appointed hour was five. I was conducted through guards to the royal apartments. When the last door was opened, I beheld my young travelling companion seated on an ottoman. On his right side was a most beautiful lady; two boys and as many girls were playing in the chamber.

A King, thought I, who can enjoy domestic happiness, cannot be a tyrant, and I stepped resolutely forward.

"This, dear Louise," said his Majesty, "is the banker who so agreeably entertained me yesterday."

"Banker Peabody," said the lovely Queen, "we hope you will take a better opinion of our country home with you."

She stretched out her hand, and I was permitted to kiss it.

Nor was this all. I had to tell my whole adventure over. I, however, omitted the slapping on the knee. In short, I spent the most agreeable hour in my life. The following day I concluded my money business. The royal condescension had rather too much captivated the otherwise cool banker. I entered somewhat deeply into Prussian money matters—so deeply that His Royal Majesty, twelve months afterward, had well nigh ruined me. I do not know whether I would not have forgiven him for the sake of this hour. However, Frederick William has since honestly paid me both debt and interest.

THE DISTINGUISHED DEAD OF 1863.—The King of Denmark is, we believe, the only monarch who has died during the past year. France has lost Billault, her leading government minister. England's list of distinguished dead is unusually large. It includes the Marquises of Lansdowne and Normandy, Sir George Cornewall Lewis, Mulready, the painter, Sir Cresswell Cresswell, Lord Clyde, Archbishop Whately and Lord Lyndehurst. In this country, but very few prominent civilians have died. In the army our losses have been severe, including among the Generals the names of Berry, Reynolds, Sill, Lytle, Bayard, Saunders, Buford and Corcoran. The navy have lost the gallant Commodore Foot and Rogers. The rebels have lost Stonewall Jackson, Generals Paxton, Tracy, Tilghman, Pender, Garnett, Barksdale, Helm, Smith, Van Dorn, and John B. Floyd and Mr. Yancey. Mexico has lost one of her best men, Gen. Comonfort.

Among notable men in Canada who have died in 1863, are Chief Justice Robinson, the Lord Bishop of Quebec, Gen. Evans, C. B., Mr. Justice Burns, Mr. Justice Connor, Mr. Justice D. Mondelet, of Three Rivers, Hon. Mr. Harwood, Hon. Mr. Ferrier, and S. Derbyshire, Esq., Queen's Printer.

☞ The Metropolitan Fair in New York city, in aid of the U. S. Sanitary Commission, will be opened on the 28th inst. Receipts to the amount of at least one million of dollars are expected.

INTERESTING PERSONAL SKETCH.

The following personal sketch of Mrs. James Henderson, of Ryegate, Vt., is republished from a recent number of the *Caledonian*, printed at St. Johnsbury. It will be read with interest and will prove that "Truth is stranger, stronger than Fiction:"

Elizabeth (Toad) Henderson, was born at Glasgow, Scotland, in 1789. Her parents were wealthy bleachers and manufacturers. Eliza (as she was called) was brought up and educated in that elegant and fashionable style which is usual among people in their position in life. As she grew up and began to bloom into womanhood, in addition to her accomplishments in the higher branches of education she began to exhibit a romantic turn of mind which made her the favorite guest at the numerous parties of fashionable entertainment. These parties were more frequent at the time she was about fifteen years old, from the fact that there was a regiment of British soldiers stationed at Glasgow. To those parties the officers of the regiment were often invited, and thus became acquainted with the gay and fashionable of the city. Eliza, though young and of small stature, acquired by her conversationable powers and romantic turn of mind, a commanding influence among those with whom she associated. She became an object of attention to the young dashing officers particularly. One of those officers, whom we call Henry, became fondly attached to her; and I may say that her attachment to him was equally sincere. They had just began to enjoy those pleasing meetings and dreams of bliss which fill the mind of young lovers when actuated by those virtuous motives which flow from an honest heart, when their father, learning the situation of affairs, told her that he had selected a partner for her, who, when the proper time arrived, would lead her to the altar. This man, though much older than herself, was a very respectable person. But Eliza preferred her own choice, which she made known to her parents. We need not tell how the old folks undertook to win their daughter to their views in the matter, and how many ways and means the young lovers undertook to deceive the old folks. Eliza was sent to various parts of Scotland and England to see places of interest and romantic renown, to gratify, as the father said, the disposition of his daughter, but it was of no use; Henry and Eliza would meet in company where the parents least expected. At last the father told her she might visit America if she chose to do so, and he would send his head clerk to accompany her. This clerk had been her guide in many of her excursions, and was therefore unobjectionable. They accordingly sailed from Glasgow and arrived at Ryegate Vermont in 1804, where, after providing for her support, he left for New York, on pressing business, as he said. From there he wrote informing Eliza that she was a banished child and must not think of returning to Scotland. This was her first intimation of her real condition. It fell upon her with crushing weight, and for a time seemed to paralyze her, mind and body. She however found herself surrounded by true and sympathising friends, and everything that could be was done for her convenience and comfort. This whole affair had been arranged and completed by the brethren of the "mystic tie"—nor did they ever neglect anything, within their power to give, to add to her enjoyment and happiness. But to her expressions of attachment to home and lover, every objection was raised and thrown in her way, and no letters of hers ever reached their destination. Thus time rolled on and her fond anticipations failed and hope withered at the threshold. In the midst of this her calamity her hand was sought by James Henderson, whose parents were the first pair married in Ryegate. The pleasing address of James and the constant urging of the "brethren" above mentioned, had their effect. They were married in 1805, and never did she regret that union which saved her from a gay and fashionable life. When Eliza left Scotland every precaution had been taken to prevent Henry from knowing where she had gone; consequently he searched England and Scotland for his lost, loved one, but to no purpose. At last by bribery he found that a person in New York knew where she was, and he immediately set sail for that city. Arriving there he had no difficulty in tracing Eliza to her retreat, and lost no time in going to see her for whom he had searched so diligently on land and had now crossed the briny ocean. On reaching Wells River he learned for the first time that she was married. This was a severe shock. Recovering himself he resolved what every honorable man would, under the circumstances. But before he returned he wished to see once more his loved one. Accordingly a horse and side-saddle was dispatched for her. As this mode of conveyance was common in those days, and as she was frequently sent for in this way by the neighbors, she started for Wells River, expecting to have an agreeable visit with her friends. Henry and Eliza met.—Their surprise and emotions—their faltering tongue and quivering lips—their meeting and parting—no pen can describe. She returned to her husband, believing that Providence had intended these scenes through which she had to pass to better fit her for every good and perfect work. She was the kind and affectionate wife, the careful and attentive mother, and useful and sympathising neighbor—the poor and distressed always receiving acts of kindness and words of comfort from her. Her friends in Scotland never forgot to send her a yearly token of their regard; and since her death her children have also been kindly remembered. She and her husband were worthy members of the Christian Church, and went to the spirit land in calm composure, believing that

"God's purpose will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour—
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower."

JEWISH WEDDING.

A good deal of interest was recently excited in Montreal in quite a large circle, particularly those of the Jewish faith and nation, in consequence of the marriage rites of Miss Clara L. Moss, and Mr. Andrew M. Davies, merchant, New York. The Jewish Synagogue was filled with ladies and gentlemen, desirous of witnessing the bridal ceremony, having been admitted by ticket, while a large crowd, principally of curious young ladies, thronged the steps leading to, and the passage in front of the sacred edifice, anxiously striving to gain entrance. The Synagoge was partially decorated, a superb white silk curtain being suspended over the ark, containing the law, and the pulpit and reading desk being covered with embroidered silk of the same color. The ceremony was preceded by the afternoon prayers, offered up by Rev. Mr. Isaacs, who then pronounced the benediction for the bride and bridegroom. The Rev. gentleman addressed the happy pair as follows:

Before we invoke the blessing of the Supreme to crown the happiness of those who are about to become husband and wife,—ere the bridegroom places the emblem,—that beautiful figure, the ring, fitting symbol of union without end, on the bride's finger, may it be permitted me to offer a few words of comfort, instruction, and of hope to those who this day intend to change their condition of single beings and become united in affection, inseparable whilst the breath of life animates their persons. My friends assembled, as we are to participate in the solemnities of a marriage ceremony, anxious as we must be to wish happiness to those who are about to sanctify their union, we deem the moment opportune to utter a few words to them, standing as they are beneath the canopy in the House of God. Actuated to religion, invoking the approval of the Supreme, and asking for a favorable response, son and daughter of Israel, you are now embarking on the voyage of life, one in sentiment, one in unison of feeling; the prospect before you is radiant with brightness, not a speck appears in the distance likely to mar your future happiness. If you will bear in mind that you are Israelites, commissioned to perform certain duties,—entitled to receive divine privileges, your friends who surround you and those that are absent, who all wish you happiness connected with humanity, their prayers will reach, as we supplicate, the Supreme to bless you both in basket and store. Of all the duties a minister of religion is called on to perform, none afford him deeper interest than uniting two hearts by the indestructible cement of religion, not alone since he by such means keeps intact the purity of Israel, but is to some extent instrumental in perpetuating the happiness of a race unborn. If such be his feeling on ordinary occasions, how overpowering must my emotions be when I reflect that in olden times I had the privilege of being acquainted not alone with the bride's parents, who are only present this day in spirit, but also with their parents, good worthy souls, whose whole ambition was centered in their children and in you. Nor must it be concealed on this occasion that the bridegroom is entitled to my gratitude for many acts of sterling friendship he has ever conferred on me, prompted by his good nature, and to some extent influenced by the beloved example of his parents, whose sincere friendship I have had the privilege of enjoying for a period of a quarter of a century, and have ever found their hearts warm, their kindness cordial. It is a tribute that is due to all parties concerned to mention these facts, to stimulate you, son and daughter of Israel, to follow the path so nobly trodden by your parents, in order that in times to come you may be enabled to enjoy the like scene with the same feelings, we trust, they have this day. And now, son of Israel, a word to thee. Thou takest to thy heart this day a favored child of heaven, one who has been kindly, nay tenderly, reared for thee. She forsakes uncles, aunts, cousins, a host of friends—nay, the very land of her birth—and speaks like the ancient heroine: "Whither thou goest I will go, Thy people shall be my people; thy God my God."

Thus confiding in thee, wilt thou reciprocate her confidence by thy affection? Yes, assuredly thou wilt. And thou, daughter of Israel, descended from national parents and grand parents, wilt thou not cherish the lesson their example has left as a legacy? Yes, thou wilt. Then together you will live happy in this world, for Israel's God will be your Pillar of Cloud by day and your Column of Fire by night, to guide you to the land promised to your forefathers. That land is the property of all those who pursue a course of integrity and a life of confidence in the promises of Heaven. And now, my friends, join us in asking the Supreme that he may bless the union this day effected, with his approval. May sickness never cause sorrow, nor sorrow create sickness. May they live long and happy in their works, and be entitled to life everlasting.

Rev. Mr. Isaacs now recited the prayer for the Government, pronouncing in Hebrew the seven blessings on the contracting parties.

The ceremony was consummated by each of the happy pair tasting the marriage wine (the pure blood of the grape) thus publicly sealing the contract. The bridegroom, then, according to Jewish custom, smashed the glass to fragments on the floor, the design being, in the midst of joy, to remind the parties of sorrows, those of the holy and beautiful city (Jerusalem) being, of course uppermost in the mind. The ceremony terminated, the wedding party proceeded to the residence of the bride, Viger square, where a sumptuous dinner was served up. The festivities in honor of the wedding were kept up all day, a grand ball being given in the evening at the Donegana Hotel, to which fully 300 guests were invited.

A CHAPTER OF FIRST THINGS.—The first poll tax was levied in Massachusetts in 1646.

The first excise in New England was levied in Plymouth in 1646.

The first Episcopal ordination held in America was by Bishop Seabury, at Middletown, Conn., August 3d, 1785, when the Rev. Ashbel Baldwin, the Rev. Philo Shelton, and one other, were ordained deacons.

The first machine ever used for cutting nails is said to have been invented by Benjamin Cochrane, a shopmate of Eli Whitney. This inventor died at Batavia, N. Y., in 1840, at a good old age. His machine cut out the nail without a head. Previous to the date of this invention (1790), nails had been punched out of plates by hand in Connecticut; these also had no head.

The first Methodist who ever stepped his foot in the streets of this Puritan city was Charles Wesley, a brother of John Wesley, the greatest hymn-writer in the world. He sailed from Liverpool for Charleston, S. C., and the ship being disabled she put in here in 1774 and remained two weeks. During that time he preached several times, and created considerable sensation.

The first book in the English language on the subject of dyeing, as far as has yet been been discovered, was printed in London in the year 1605, and contains instructions as to the proper use of indigo, woad, madder, Brazil wood, gall nuts, &c. These instructions seem to have been founded on the practice of the dyers of Flanders, in which country the art was making some progress, although black was the color in most general use. The first camp meeting held in America was in Kentucky. Two preachers—one a Presbyterian and the other a Methodist—met in a village, on the Sabbath, where there was but one church. The Presbyterian officiated in the forenoon, and the Methodist in the afternoon. The interest upon the subject was so great that they continued the meetings for a day or two at the house. The attendance soon became so large that they adjourned to the woods, and continued the meeting for a week. And this is the origin of the modern camp meeting.

Congregational singing was introduced into England about the time when Queen Elizabeth ascended the throne (1558).

The first book printed in England is said to have emanated from Oxford in 1468, under the title of "Exposico Sancti Jeronimi in Simbolo Apostolorum." Its claims to be regarded in this light have, however, been much discussed. Others are of opinion that the first work printed in England was "The Game and Playe of Chesse, Translated out of the French, and Imprinted by William Caxton. Fynysshed the last day of Marche, A. D. 1474." It is certainly the first book to which Caxton has affixed a date, and is consequently highly prized by book collectors.

The first railroad in the world was commenced at and ran from Darlington to Stockton, England, and the first locomotive engine ever run on a railroad now stands as an object of curiosity at the Darlington depot. It is different in its construction from those in present use, having two walking beams and upright cylinders. It is kept in fine order, and stands on a large elevated platform, built purposely for its accommodation. The date of the year, 1825, is engraved on the slab upon which it stands. Strangers come from a distance to see it, and photographers lend their aid to those not otherwise able to command the sight.

A WORD TO YOUNG LADIES.

We wish to say a word to you, young ladies, about your influence over young men. Did you ever think of it? Did you ever realize that you have any influence at all over them? We believe that a young lady, by her constant, consistent, Christian example, may exert an untold power. You do not know the respect and almost worship, which young men, no matter how wicked they may be themselves, pay to a consistent Christian lady, be she young or old. A gentleman once said to a lady who boarded in the same house with him, that her life was a constant proof of the truth of the christian religion. Often the simple request of a lady will prevent a young man from doing wrong. We have known this to be the case very frequently; and young men have been kept from breaking the Sabbath, from drinking, from chewing, just because a lady whom they respected, and for whom they had an affection, requested it. A tract given, an invitation to go to church, a request that your friend would read the Bible daily, will often be regarded, when more powerful appeals from other sources would fall unheeded upon his heart. Many of the gentlemen whom we meet in society are away from the influence of parents and sisters—and they will respond to any interest taken in their welfare. We all speak of a young man's danger from evil associates, and the very bad influence which his dissipated companions have over him. We believe it is all true, that a gentleman's character is formed to a great extent, before he becomes a complete man of the world. We think, in other words, that a young man is pretty much what his sisters and lady friends choose to make him. We know a family where the sisters encouraged their younger brother to smoke, thinking it was manly, and to mingle with gay, dissipated fellows, because they thought it "smart" and he did mingle with them, until he became just like them, body and soul, and abused the same sisters shamefully. The influence began farther back than his gentlemen companions. It began with his sisters, and was carried on through the forming years of his character. On the other hand, if sisters are watchful and affectionate, they may, in various ways—by entering into any little plan with interest, by introducing their younger brother into *good* ladies' society—lead them along, until their character is formed, and then a high-toned respect for ladies, and a manly self-respect, will keep them from mingling with low society.

If a young man sees that the religion which in youth he was taught to venerate, is lightly thought of, and perhaps sneered at, by the young ladies with whom he associates, we can hardly expect him to think that it is the thing for him. Let none say they have no influence at all. That is not possible. You cannot live without having some sort of influence, any more than you can live without breathing. One is just as unavoidable as the other. Beware, then, what kind of influence it is that you are constantly exerting. An invitation to take a glass of wine, or play a game of cards, may kindle the fires of intemperance or gambling which will burn forever. A jest given at the expense of religion, a light trifling manner in the house of God, or any of the numerous ways in which you may show your disregard for the souls of others, may be the means of ruining many for time and eternity.—*Genio C. Scott, in the Home Journal.*

ORIGIN OF BRANDY.—Brandy began to be distilled in France about the year 1343, but it was prepared only as a medicine, and was so considered as possessing such marvellous strengthening powers that the physicians termed it *Eau de Vie* "the water of life," a name it retains though now rendered one of life's most prevalent destroyers. Before the true means of determining the quantity of alcohol in spirits were known, the dealers were in the habit of employing a very rude method of forming a notion of the strength. A given quantity of spirits was poured upon a quantity of gunpowder, in a dish, and set on fire. If at the end of combustion the gunpowder continued dry enough, it took fire and exploded; but if it had been wetted by the water in the spirits, the flame of the alcohol went out without setting the powder on fire. This was called the "proof. Spirits which kindled gunpowder were said to be above proof: those that did not set fire to it were said to be below proof. From this origin of the term "proof," it is obvious that its meaning must have been very indefinite.

HINTS TO PEDESTRIANS.—We copy the following suggestions upon this subject, from one of our exchanges, some of which are very applicable to pedestrians in this vicinity.

It is well understood that people must turn to the right, on meeting, whether on foot, in a carriage, or on horseback. In meeting, each party is entitled to one-half of the way. If there are twenty persons meeting one, he is entitled to half the way. The numbers make no difference; a dozen persons in a party cannot exclude the single individual from his half of the pathway at meeting. If the path is only wide enough for two persons, the parties, if more than one in each, must defile past each other.

Persons are apt to think that a party of two or more meeting a single person, are entitled to the whole path. Such is not the case. They must not crowd the individual from his half of the pathway. When the road lies in such a position that one party cannot turn to the right, that person is entitled to the whole path, but under no other conditions.

Women are apt to think that men must grant to them the whole path, and where two are abreast, they are often disinclined to abandon any portion of the walk to the men. Where there is ample room, this is well enough, and the men are usually polite enough to make a wide semicircle around them. But where the path is only wide enough for two, it is simply brazen and impudent to monopolize the whole path and drive a man into the mud or dust. It is not impolite in him not to yield under such circumstances, for ladies should not place him in such a position. A lady's place is always on the right hand of her male companion, whether it gives her the inside or outside of the pathway.

☞ As a mere item of business, we may mention that the type-founders have issued a circular to the printers, announcing that they have raised the price of printing materials twenty-five per cent. Paper has already risen about 100 per cent. Hence come two inferences: first, that the worldly estate of the publisher is not likely to increase very rapidly; and second, that prompt payment and a generous remembrance will be more acceptable than ever.—*Exchange.*

☞ The law of Pekin, China, ordains that if a man is not married at twenty, he shall be drummed out of town.